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**SWEDISH  
EROTICA**

55

SALE TO MINORS  
PROHIBITED

T.M.

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

FEATURING  
THE NEW SENSATION  
**LONI SANDERS**

**ALL COLOR**





ost of us have extremely romantic ideas when very young. Relative to sex, we envision ourselves locked in embrace with our one true love (whomever he or she turns out to be) with never a lustful thought for anyone else in the whole wide world. We eventually learn, of course, that the world is filled with many millions of lovely and arousing potential partners and, statistically, most of us eventually sample as many of the goodies available as we can manage, with or without regard for the bonds of matrimony. Life is too short and real pleasures too few and far between to be denied through adherence to an artificial morality. The greatest regret in old age is regret for the opportunities missed, the pleasures left untasted.

Fortunately, except for the unfortunate few too traumatized by fear of retribution in some imagined afterworld, most of us break the barrier

of imposed restraint while we are still healthy enough to fully enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. We revel in the lush and friendly bodies of our willing partners — and "friendly" is the operative term.

Good sex is friendly, even if the participants were total strangers only moments before. Fucking (or eating) is the swiftest possible means for achieving total communication, or at least something approaching totality. It's also the quickest way to make friends. And in this harsh world, friends are the only thing of real value. We all need more of them. ●

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FILM #398: RACING STRIPES



FILM #400: A MARINE COMES HOME



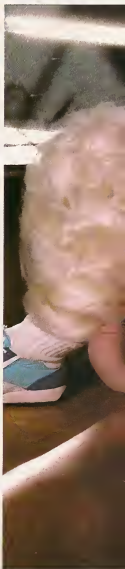


**FILM #390:  
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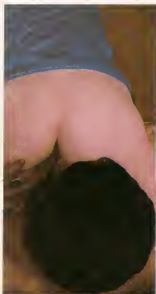


Heidi had discovered what every athlete knows. A good workout sets the blood racing and builds the appetite. Having learned that, Heidi jogged daily to build up her appetite for fucking. Also, jogging was a fine way to meet muscular young men who also had well developed appetites.

Neil came up behind her fast on an outside turn while she was approaching the final stretch of her regular morning jog. She glanced back, approved of what she saw and was delighted when, instead of pulling ahead of her, he slowed to her pace and asked what a lovely chick like her was doing wasting her time jogging when there were more pleasurable exercises to be performed.







It didn't take Heidi long to discover that Neil was a man who knew what he was talking about. Once inside her home he wasted no time in needless talk, but stripped out of his running togs immediately. Heidi was a little slower and her shoes were still on when he bent her forward over a low table and slid his cock deep into her hungry cunt from behind, then rammed it in up to the balls.

She hadn't mentioned it, but this was Heidi's favorite position. A man with a really big dick could fill her completely in this position and there was nothing she liked more than the feel of a cock battering away at her womb. It turned her insides to jelly and inspired the orgasms to come in great gouts of muscular convulsion.





As for Neil, he was having a great time admitting and stroking her ass while he slowly pumped his cock in and out of her. She had a nice, tight pussy, the kind he loved to fuck and the skin of her ass was creamy smooth. This Heidi broad was the best pickup he'd made jogging in months and he was going to get full pleasure out of her. He knew instinctively that she was going to suck him off before the afternoon was over, maybe going to let him take her up the ass. That was the sort of fucking that Neil really adored, particularly with women who enjoyed taking a cock that way. Not all did, but some seemed to have orgasms from asshole fucking that far surpassed the ordinary kind.





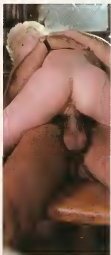







And if she really pleased him he was going to eat her pussy. Ordinarily, Neil didn't care to shove his tongue into strange cunts. Not until he knew a gal well was he generally willing to cuntlap her. But Heidi, he sensed, was different. She had the kind of lithe, athletic body he adored. So many of the female joggers were fannies, trying to lose weight. But Heidi was just right, just ripe. God, what a lovely ass. Maybe he might not even wait. Maybe, as soon as he'd shot his load, he'd eat her at once.

Just for a change of pace, Neil pulled out of her — at once, sorry that he'd done so, the feeling was so very warm and tight — and turned her over, so that she was facing away from him. He squinched up close to her and eased his slippery rod back inside her welcoming channel. As much as they'd been pumping she should have loosened up by



A photograph of a woman with short, blonde hair, seen from the side and slightly from behind. She is leaning forward, resting her hands on a wooden surface, possibly a kitchen counter or a table. She is wearing a light blue, short-sleeved shirt. The background is a bright, slightly out-of-focus outdoor scene with green foliage and a clear sky. The lighting is natural, suggesting daylight. The overall tone of the image is candid and intimate.

now, he thought. But he was so close to orgasm that his cock had swollen to its largest proportions and the tightness of her cunt impeded his entrance, slippery as he was.

Even so, she moaned softly when he entered her this way. Once he was deep and secure, she wiggled back against him in the classic Spoon position, forcing him even deeper. He lovingly held the twin globes of her ass and slowly slid his long cock in and out of her body, pausing for a moment between each inward thrust. By lifting her hips slightly he could drive straight in, touching the end of her channel, the cervix, with each thrust. Each time he touched she moaned anew and he could see the nipple on her left breast suddenly standing rigid upright.







With his left hand he reached up and grasped her breast, his two fingers finding the hardened bud and gently rolling the sensitive nipple and squeezing it. Heidi moaned even louder and thrashed her head from side to side in a frenzy of unrequited passion. Neil decided it was time to come. Things were going beyond the point at which he could hold back

any longer. With a steady thrust that mounted in pace and intensity he stroked his cock smoothly in and out of her until he could feel the explosion to come rising. He realized that she must be coming too, because his cries of pleasure were mixed with her own as he lunged into her and exploded. It had been a good morning for jogging. ●









**F**rom Guantanamo to Baffin Bay, from Ultima Thule to the ice ribbed coasts of Antarctica, he's known as the Submarine Marine — and the title has nothing to do with any fancy type underwater boats the Navy operates. Michael derives his name from the immense weapon he carries which, from certain viewpoints (notably those of women who are trying to suck him off) remarkably resembles a submarine in shape and, as far as is possible with an organ which is still only human, in size. His cock is a fearsome engine of destruction, a battle club of

flesh, a mace of male power. Comparing it with an ordinary cock is like comparing a battleship with a row boat. Power radiates from it so palpably that women swoon with imagined delight when merely in its presence, even when thick layers of cloth hide it from their view and it's resting softly in repose. When it's adamant and questing they flock to it like ants to a picnic, determined to do their feeble best to conquer it.

But in all the wide world there's only one lady who has come even close to exhausting its possibilities and that Jessie lives in the lovely city of San Francisco,



**FILM #400:**



**A MARINE COMES HOME**



in a humble town house overlooking the bay.

She, too, has an international reputation. Merit the name Dominique anywhere from the rippling sands of the Sahara to the frigid wastes of Tierra Del Fuego or the roaring, manmade canyons of New York and strong men groan in anguish. Their cocks rise to full erection spontaneously. Their fingers quiver to caress and their tongues hang out drooling to be applied to her delicious clit. Dominique, to those

rare men who have had the privilege of becoming acquainted with really talented fucking, represents the ultimate goal, the most virtiginous pinnacle of attainable female eroticism. The most famous male tongues of the international jet set have lapped hungrily at her clit and inhaled the dizzying fragrance of her cunt. The mightiest cocks of some of the world's mightiest political leaders have exhausted and frustrated themselves trying to satiate her.







An [Dominique] thinks that she has never been satisfied, that no man alive has ever possessed the stamina to outlast her, to drive his big cock home until she could take it no more.

Dominique, however, lies. He is one man who has, time and time again, totally

satisfied her. He is no powerful leader of a mighty nation. He lacks both the money and the inclination to travel with the jet set. Uncle Sam pays meager wages and orders him from place to place as though he were a common Marine private — which he is. Michael, the







Submarine Manne, is the man who continually turns the trick every time he gets the chance — she retreats to her San Francisco den to await his pleasure and his coming. To Dominique, Michael coming in her cunt is the divinest thing that could happen and for him she'll pass up any number of more socially important studs.

Unlike most women, Dominique has no objections (at least she claims to have none) to her lover sticking his dong into other females from time to time. She understands that a cock like his has unusual appetites and is subjected to exceptional temptations. Women pursue it constantly and its owner is, after all, an ordinary man in most

respects. How can he be expected to resist temptation when it comes in the form of a beautiful woman asking for his favors?

"Besides," she says, "they're always teaching him new tricks which he brings home to me."

When asked about how Michael feels regarding her other lovers, she responds, "I don't tell him about

them."

From the moment the telegram is received stating that Michael is on his way, Dominique's preparations begin. Her lover of the moment is sent packing, with instructions that if he phones or shows his face anywhere near her home before being called he will forever afterward be excluded from her circle of









admirers. Then the housecleaning begins and the furniture is put back exactly where it was when Michael was last present. The clothing she last wore for him is taken out and cleaned — Michael is a creature of habit in every area except the sexual and doesn't feel comfortable in

unfamiliar surroundings. He may not even be able to fuck effectively if the pictures on the bedroom wall have been rearranged. Last, she stocks the refrigerator with his favorite foods. While Michael is with her there will not even be enough spare time to dine out and she doesn't want hunger to

weaken him or diminish his sexual capacity. It is for that reason alone that she keeps a freezer filled with steaks, waiting for him

Michael has a key to her home and lets himself in when he arrives. The first sight that greets him is Dominique curled on the sofa, wearing his favorite



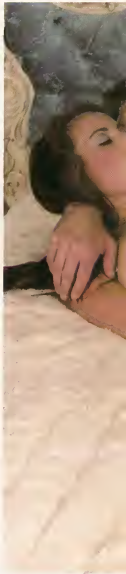


filmy next-to nothing and with a wanton look on her face. The clothing is traditional and contrived, but the facial expression is automatic when Michael is present and not under her control. Dominique is in heat at the mere mention of Michael's name, to the degree that, when he is away, another man with the same name has easy entrance to her bed.

The first thing Dominique does as soon as Michael is inside her den is kiss him — while her hands are simultaneously unzipping his pants and bringing his cock out into the light. Then she pauses to admire it for long moments, examining it thoroughly and thrilling anew to its power and perfection. She's seen and held a lot of cocks, but never another like this one.

At last, having admired it thoroughly, she parts her lips and slides the head of his cock into her mouth. Not much more than that will go in, but just the head bulks almost as large as all of an ordinary cock.

And while she sucks, her hands are cupping his hairy balls, sensing through them the satisfaction his cock is receiving from her mouth. She sucks him as deep as







she can, meanwhile massaging with her tongue along the underside of his shaft. Her immediate goal is to get him off, to bring the cum spurting from his cock and savor its heavy muskiness. Not until after she has sucked him off at least once will Michael be ready to bring her pleasure in return. Actually, of course, the feel of his potent cock in her mouth is often compensation enough. Few women are ever so fortunate as to hold so much male power in their mouths. At last he comes and the thick cum spurts. Dutifully, devoutly, she swallows every drop and then squeezes the last out by running her tongue hard against the underside of his cock.



Only then is Michael ready to do her justice. After stripping away her filmy clothing his hands inspect her body, invading every crevice and stroking every inch of creamy flesh as his hunger for her mounts. But not until the inspection is finished does he really begin. He licks her, tastes her, sucks gently on her tits until her nipples ache with tension. His mouth leaves her tits and slides slowly down her belly, licking as it goes. Through her cunt hair thicket until the wet nether lips part and he is lapping at her clit. Then her body writhes and convulses. Moans of pleasure burst from her mouth and she grinds her cunt hard against his face. The first orgasmic







spasm strikes and she convulses as though an electric current had been passed through her body. Sweat burst out all over her and the juices flood from the internal walls of her cunt.

At the height of her pleasure Michael leaves off licking her cunt and begins to fuck her with his tongue, stiffening it as much as possible and driving it into her cunt as far as it will reach.

Michael slides up the length of her body and, when he is in the proper position, her hands once more release whatever they were hiding

and descend to grab his cock. Then one hand holds her cunt as wide open as possible and the other guides his cock on its way.

This is the ultimate for Dominique. This is what makes all the long waiting worth while. This is what takes her mind from contemplation of the money, power and position of the men she ordinarily fucks. This time she fucks not for social or monetary vein, but for the pure pleasure of the act. She has a man inside her like no other in her experience, the only man who can bring her









total pleasure and total release. As his cock plunges deep her legs part as her feet stroke his head on her ass, then pull him back against her deeper into her snatch. Her legs are spread wide, locking him into place, and her hips rock forward in perfect harmony with his and her gut muscles sucking

him in and out of her. She has made him the most manly of men, she will let him show, as long as he is in her. That is his use as he pleases, in any imaginative way he can invent. His will is her. She is his woman, and he will be for as long as he wants her. ●





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